

LAND
of
the
LOST

NO.9

Land of the Lost



COMICS



M 10 DIS



NOW...LISTEN TO

Land of the Lost

ON THE RADIO!



Yes — they're on the air again! Isabel and Billy, Red Lantern and all the other exciting characters from the "Land of the Lost"!

You can hear their thrilling adventures, narrated by Isabel Manning Hewson, the author, every Saturday morning over the A.B.C. network stations*, at this time:

11:30 A.M., if you live in an Eastern Standard Time area
10:30 A.M. for Central Standard Time
9:30 A.M. for Mountain Standard Time
8:30 A.M. for Pacific Standard Time



This wonderful program is being brought to you by Bosco Milk Amplifier — that extra-delicious chocolaty syrup that makes milk taste so-o-o good!

Yessir! you'll surely love yummy Bosco-and-Milk! As exciting as a soda — and so good for you too — because Bosco contains important Iron and Vitamin D — that every boy and girl needs for good health.



Ask Mother to get a jar of grand-tasting Bosco next time she goes shopping. Tell her this extra-rich, extra-strength chocolate syrup makes marvelous desserts in no time at all . . . is richer, more economical for every chocolate flavoring use . . . whipped cream, icings, puddings, cakes.

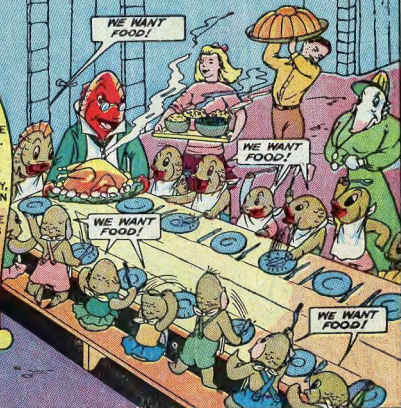


So — don't forget to tune in on "Land of the Lost" next Saturday and meet your old friends — and don't forget to ask Mother to buy a jar of delicious Bosco! You'll love that chocolate flavor!

*WJZ	New York, N. Y.	WCOP	Boston, Mass.	WSAI	Cincinnati, O.
KFRE	Fresno, Calif.	WORC	Worcester, Mass.	WJW	Cleveland, O.
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Land of the Lost

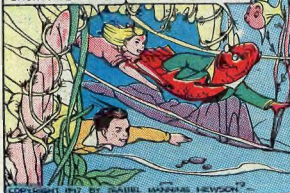
THERE'S QUITE A BIT OF DISCONTENT OVER AT THE PLACE WHERE ALL THE LITTLE SEA URCHINS LIVE. UNCLE ZEKE SPONGE IS HEADED THAT WAY, READY TO HELP A LITTLE PAL OF HIS OUT OF SOME DIFFICULTY, WHEN HE MEETS RED LANTERN AND HIS YOUNG FRIENDS, ISABEL AND BILLY (WHO HAVE A TIGHT GRIP ON THEIR MAGIC SEAWEED, WHICH ENABLES THEM TO BREATHE UNDER-WATER). BUT MISS SUSAN SHIPE, THE MEAN OLD MATRON IS WAITING FOR THEM---AND WHEN THEY MEET, THERE'S GOING TO BE A BIG STORM AT...
"THE URCHINAGE!"



ON A BY-WAY OF THE KINGDOM...

MY, IT'S NICE DOWN HERE TODAY! IT'S SO NASTY AND COLD BACK ON EARTH...

SHIVERING SARDINES, I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU LAND-LUBBERS STAND IT UP THERE...

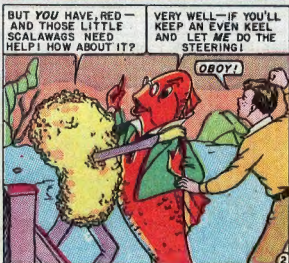
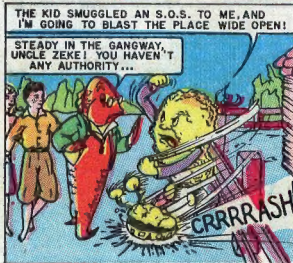
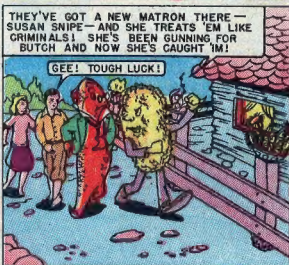
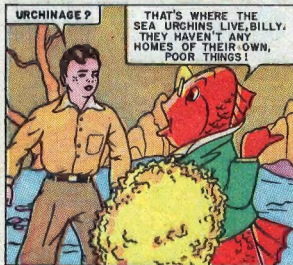
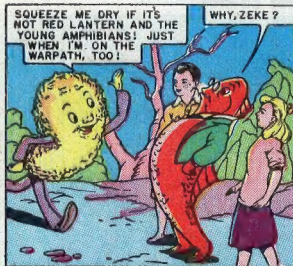


WHO IS THAT, RED LANTERN?

THAT'S UNCLE ZEKE SPONGE--OR I'M A PICKLED HERRING!



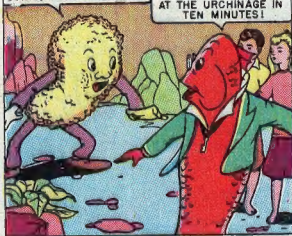
LAND OF THE LOST COMICS



LAND OF THE LOST COMICS

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, RED LANTERN?

I'VE AN ERRAND TO DO FIRST! MEET US AT THE URCHINAGE IN TEN MINUTES!



FIRST I WANT TO SEE J. JORDAN JACKFISH. HE'S ONE OF THE DIRECTORS OF THE URCHINAGE—AND A GREAT SHELL ANTHROPIST. HERE'S WHERE HE LIVES.

WAIT FOR ME!



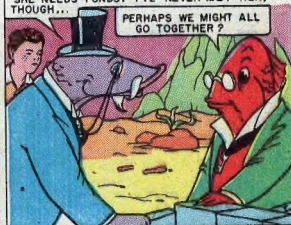
BLESS MY SCALES—IT'S J. JORDAN, HIMSELF!

HOW-DE-DO, RED LANTERN! SORRY I CAN'T INVITE YOU IN—BUT I'M DUE OVER AT THE URCHINAGE!



I'M TOLD THE URCHINS ARE GETTING OUT OF HAND—AND THE NEW MATRON WRITES THAT SHE NEEDS FUNDS. I'VE NEVER MET HER, THOUGH...

PERHAPS WE MIGHT ALL GO TOGETHER?



SPLENDID! BUT MAY WE—AH—FORGET MY NAME TEMPORARILY? I'D LIKE THE SEA URCHINS TO THINK I'M AN ORDINARY PERSON, AND WE'LL SEE THEM AS THEY REALLY ARE!

FINE! LET'S GO!



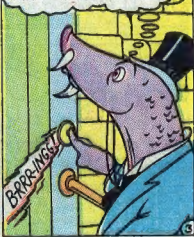
A FEW MINUTES LATER, AT THE URCHINAGE...

WE'VE PICKED UP A LITTLE BALLAST, UNCLE ZEKE. MAY I INTRODUCE—ER—MR. RICHARD ROE?

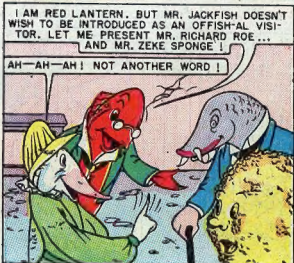
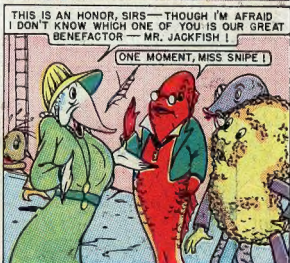
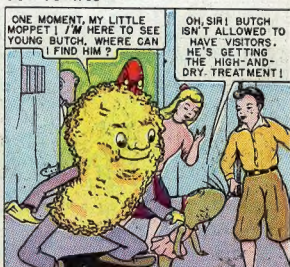
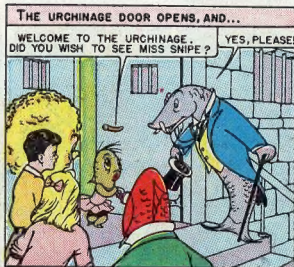
HOWDY, HOWDY!
SHALL WE TRICKLE ON IN?



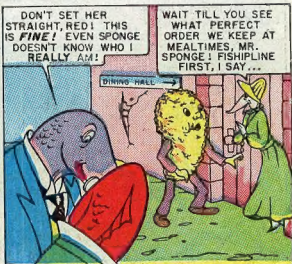
SAME OLD ATMOSPHERE... HASN'T CHANGED A BIT!



LAND OF THE LOST COMICS

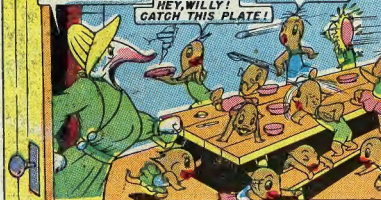


LAND OF THE LOST COMICS



SO MISS SNIPE THROWS OPEN THE DOOR TO THE DINING ROOM, AND...

WELL, OF ALL THE... **SILENCE!** **CHEESE IT! IT'S SOUR-SPoons DOWN!**



SUCH FINE NOURISHING FOOD! A LARGE BOWL OF POTASSIUM GRUEL THREE TIMES A DAY—AND SALTED PRUNES FOR DESSERT!



OH, **TERIBLE** CONCOCTIONS! WHY THE OLD COOK USED TO GIVE THEM **PUDDING** ON FRIDAY! BUT I PUT A STOP TO THAT LEAK IN THE BUDGET.



URCHINS! SING YOUR DINNER SERENADE FOR OUR VISITORS! ONE—TWO—THREE **SING!**



LAND OF THE LOST COMICS

SALTED PRUNES? BAH! WOULDN'T YOU RATHER HAVE AN APPLE FLOAT? AND A SNACK O'SPONGE CAKE BETWEEN MEALS?



SPONGE-CAKE! WHAT A CLEVER IDEA, MR. SPONGE! YOU'RE TOO GOOD TO THE DARLINGS! BUT NOW YOU'LL WANT TO SEE THE WORK-ROOM NEXT...

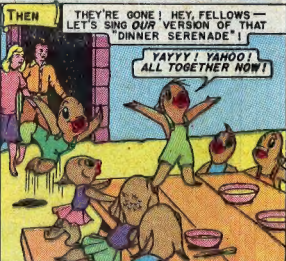


LEAD THE WAY, MADAM!

CAN'T BILLY AND I STAY HERE A WHILE? THE URCHINS ARE SO CUTE! WE'LL CATCH UP WITH YOU IN A MINUTE!



ALL RIGHT, TADPOLES! BUT DON'T BE TOO LONG...



THEN THEY'RE GONE! HEY, FELLOWS — LET'S SING OUR VERSION OF THAT "DINNER SERENADE"!

YAYYY! YAHOO! ALL TOGETHER NOW!



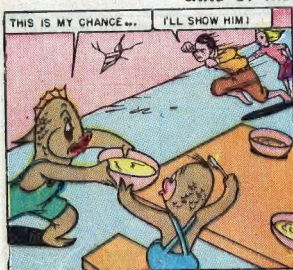
ONLY NINCOMPOOPS AND GOONS COULD ENJOY THOSE SALTED PRUNES WE ARE HUNGRY DAY AND NIGHT AND OUR BELTS ARE NEVER TIGHT! YAH!

BILLY! SOME BIG URCHIN JUST SNEAKED IN AND GRABBED THAT BOWL FROM A LITTLE FELLOW!

A BULLY, HUH? I'LL TEACH HIM TO ACT LIKE THAT...



LAND OF THE LOST COMICS



BUT THE BIG URCHIN IS TOO FAST FOR BILLY!

AW, GEE! HE GOT AWAY!

LET HIM GO, BILLY! WE HAVE TO GET BACK TO RED LANTERN!



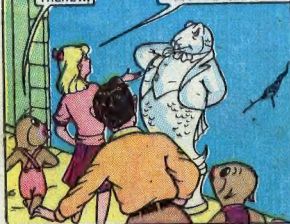
MISS SNIPE SAID THEY'D BE IN THE WORK ROOM, WHEREVER THAT IS!

EXCUSE ME — COULD YOU SHOW US THE WAY TO THE WORK ROOM?



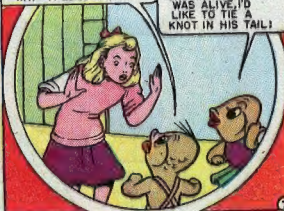
THAT'S WHERE WE'RE GOING! WE'LL TAKE YOU THERE...

THANK YOU. BUT WHO'S THAT FUNNY-LOOKING CREATURE?

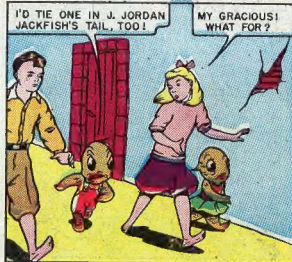


THAT'S DIOGENES DUNK! HIS NOSE GOT BROKEN OFF — IT'S BEEN THAT WAY — A LONG TIME!

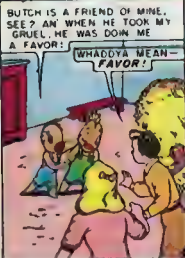
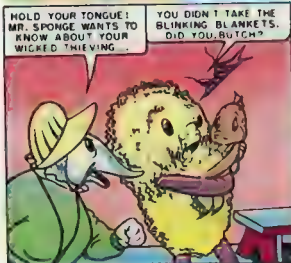
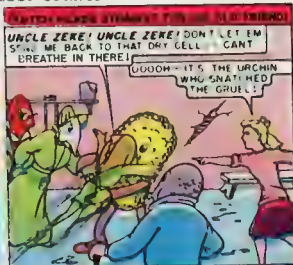
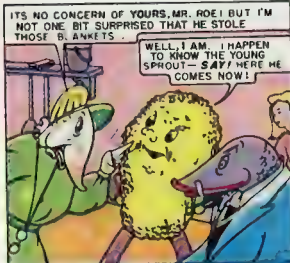
HE'S THE OLD BLOATER WHO FOUNDED THIS URCHINAGE! IF HE WAS ALIVE, I'D LIKE TO TIE A KNOT IN HIS TAIL!



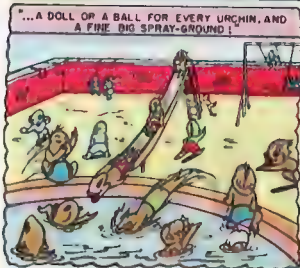
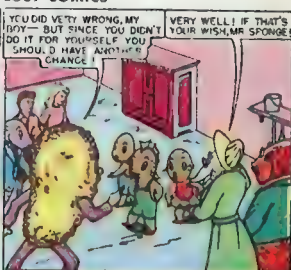
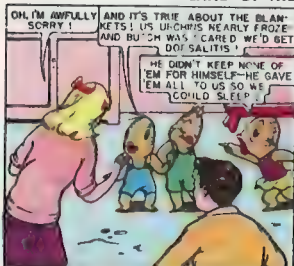
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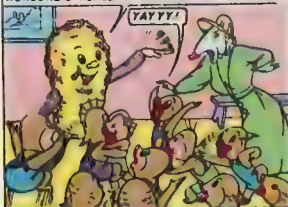


LAND OF THE LOST COMICS



LAND OF THE LOST COMICS

QUIET, SNIPESY-WIPESY! THEY OUGHTA KNOW
WORK CAN BE A LOTTA FUN!
HOW'D YOU BUYS LIKE TO GO TO FARMER
ABALONE'S PLACE AN' RUN HIS SEA-TRACTOR?



AN HOW'D YOU GIRLS LIKE TO HELP GATHER
FLOWERS IN THE PALACE GARDEN.



THAT'S THE KIND O' JOBS YOU OUGHTA DO—
SERVIN' YOUR FELLOW-FISH INSTEAD O' BEING
COOPED UP HERE!



IT'S GOOD OF YOU
TO FLOAT THESE
IMPROVEMENTS...



WHAT? WHY, I CAN HARDLY
FLOAT MYSELF! GO TO
J JORDAN JACKFISH—HE'S
YOUR RICHEST TRUSTEE!

WHAT? ARE YOU
PRETENDING THAT YOU'RE
NOT J JORDAN JACKFISH?



TAKE IT EASY, MAAMI!
I'M PLAIN ZEKE
SPONGE—POOR AND
POROUS!

YOU PLANNED THIS TO MAKE ME RIDICULOUS
BEFORE THESE HORRID LITTLE BRATS! GET OUT!
ALL OF YOU—GET OUT!



LAND OF THE LOST COMICS

NOW, NOW, MISS SNIPE! IT'S YOU WHO ARE GOING TO GET OUT! RIGHT BACK TO THE FRIGID ZONE YOU CAME FROM!

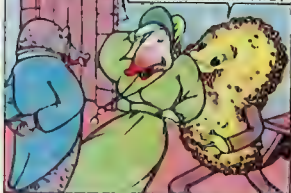
AND WHO ARE YOU?



I AM J. JORDAN JACKFISH!

YOU J. JORDAN—CATCH ME, I'M GOING TO FAINT!

WELL, SOUSE MY SPINNAKER! LOOK WHO'S PRETENDIN' TO BE THE FAINTIN' TYPE!



SEE? NOT A THING IN THE WORLD THE MATTER WITH 'ER!

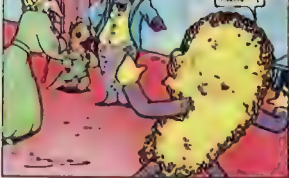
I WANTED TO FIND OUT WHAT WAS GOING ON HERE—AND I GOT A GILLFULL! ALL THE PROFITS HAVE BEEN FLOWING INTO YOUR POCKETS SUSAN SNIPE!



HMMM! YOU'LL NEVER GET A NEW DIRECTOR...

I'VE ONE PICKED OUT ALREADY! AND IT'S NONE OTHER THAN—ZEKE SPONGE!

ME? LOOK HERE— I THOUGHT I'M GOIN' TO FAINT!



SAY, MR. JACKFISH—WE ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU'D BE A WET SMACK, BUT YOU'RE ALL RIGHT!

I WAS ONCE AN URCHIN, MYSELF, BUT I WANT TO KNOW SOMETHING?



CONFIDENTIALLY, I WAS THE GUY THAT KNOCKED THE NOSE OFF DIOGENES DUNK!

OH, BILLY! EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE WONDERFUL AT THE UNCRASHAGE NOW!

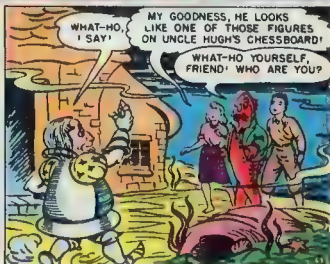
FAYT! HURRAY FOR MR. JACKFISH!



Land of the Lost

MAKE WAY FOR THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY—FOR THE CHESSMEN ARE ON THE RAMPAGE DOWN IN THE LAND OF THE LOST! ISABEL AND BILLY VISIT A STRANGE NEW PLACE IN THIS UNDERSEA REALM, AND MEET A KING WHO HAS LOST HIS CROWN! BUT THE REAL EXCITEMENT BEGINS WHEN SIR EBONY AND HIS BLACK AVENGERS CHALLENGE KING IVOR AND HIS MEN TO A FIGHT TO THE DEATH, IN THE THRILLING TALE OF

'THE BATTLE OF THE CHESSMEN!'



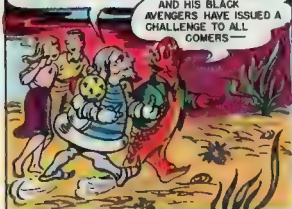
LAND OF THE LOST COMICS

YOU SEE BEFORE YOU KING IVOR THE GREAT—
VETERAN OF A HUNDRED CHESS TOURNAMENTS!
BUT ALAS, I MADE A HASTY DEPARTURE FROM EARTH.
EVEN LOST MY CROWN WHEN THE CHAMPION FOR
WHOM I WON SO MANY CONTESTS—PROFESSOR
KNOCKYABLOCKOFF—HURLED ME OUT OF A
WINDOW...



LEAD THE WAY, SIR FISH!
BUT TELL ME—IS THERE
GOOD SPORT TO BE HAD AT
THE CHECKERFIELDS?

THE VERY BEST!
IN FACT, THERE'S A
BIG TOURNAMENT
TODAY—SIR EBONY
AND HIS BLACK
AVENGERS HAVE ISSUED A
CHALLENGE TO ALL
GOMERS—



... HENCE I AM LOOKING FOR THE CHECKER-
FIELDS—HOME FOR LOST CHESSMEN!

THE CHECKERFIELDS
AREN'T FAR OFF, KING IVOR.
WE'LL TAKE YOU THERE!

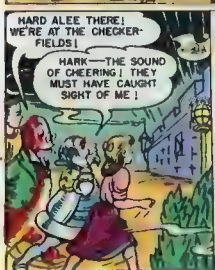


SIR EBONY—THE SABLE KNIGHT?
OODS' BODKINS! MANY TIMES HAVE WE
MET IN BATTLE! WHY, HE WAS THE EVIL
GENIUS WHO LED THE FORCES OF DR. SCHMALZ,
PROFESSOR KNOCKYABLOCKOFF'S HATED RIVAL!



HARD ALEE THERE!
WE'RE AT THE CHECKER-
FIELDS!

HARK—THE SOUND
OF CHEERING! THEY
MUST HAVE CAUGHT
SIGHT OF ME!

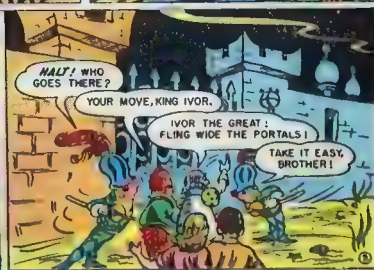


HALT! WHO
GOES THERE?

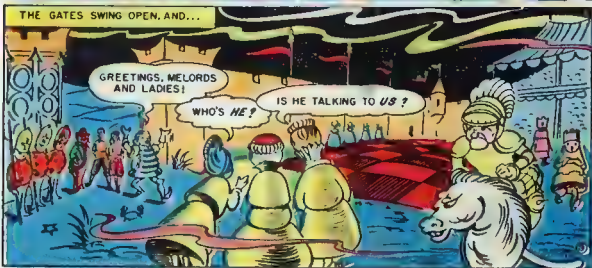
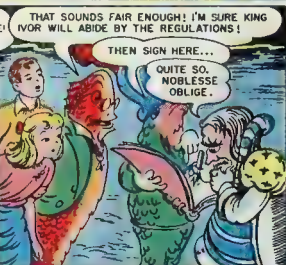
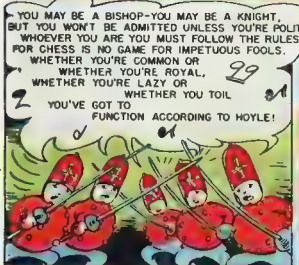
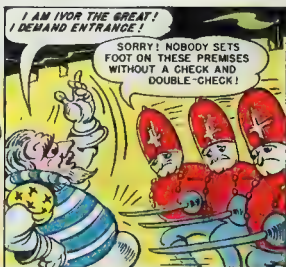
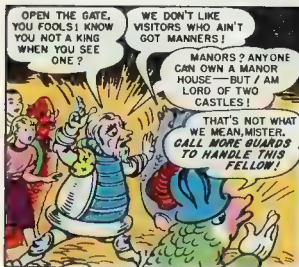
YOUR MOVE, KING IVOR.

IVOR THE GREAT!
FLING WIDE THE PORTALS!

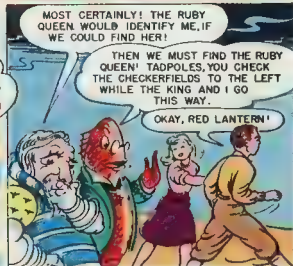
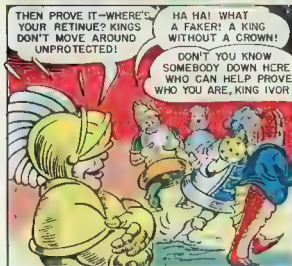
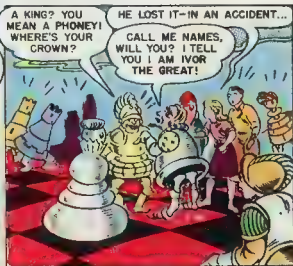
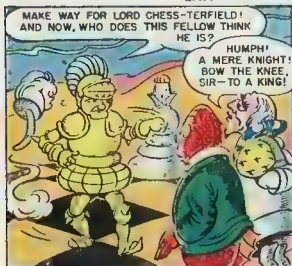
TAKE IT EASY,
BROTHER!



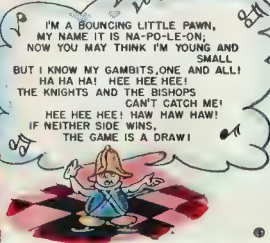
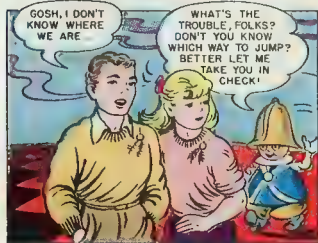
LAND OF THE LOST COMICS



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SO ISABEL AND BILLY START OFF TO LOOK FOR THE RUBY QUEEN.



LAND OF THE LOST COMICS

MY NAME'S NAPOLEON BECAUSE I ALWAYS GO FORWARD—NEVER BACK! I'M NOT JUST AN ORDINARY PAWN! YOU SEE—I'M THE ONLY ONE DOWN HERE WHO KNOWS THE KING'S LEAP! IT'S A SECRET PLAY THAT'LL WIN ANY CHESS GAME. IF MY KING WERE ONLY HERE, WE'D CLEAN UP!

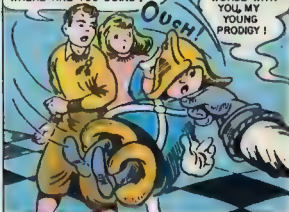
COME ON, BILLY! WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE RUBY QUEEN FOR POOR KING IVOR!



EXCUSE US, BUT—WE'VE GOT TO BE LEAVING! WE'RE LOOKING FOR... HUH? WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

I WOULD FAIN HAVE WORDS WITH YOU, MY YOUNG PRODIGY!

OUCH!



NAPPIE! HOW WOULD'ST LIKE A CHANCE TO PLAY IN TODAY'S GREAT TOURNAMENT? THE BLACK AVENGERS HAVE BEEN INVINCIBLE UP TO NOW, BUT MY QUEEN, THE MOST POWERFUL PIECE ON THE BOARD WALKED-OUT ON ME THIS MORNING. ONLY YOU CAN HELP ME! YOU KNOW THE KING'S LEAP—AND WITH IT WE'D HAVE THE GAME IN THE BAG!

NOTHING DOING, SIR EBONY!



BUT I COULD MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE...

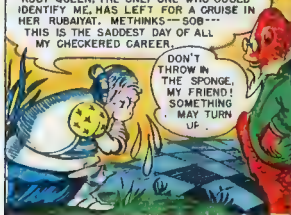
IX-NAY! THAT MOVE IS A SECRET BETWEEN ME AND MY KING, WHEREVER HE IS! I'M NOT GIVING IT AWAY!



MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY...

ALAS! TO DISCOVER NOW THAT THE RUBY QUEEN, THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD IDENTIFY ME, HAS LEFT FOR A CRUISE IN HER RUBAIYAT. METHINKS—SOB—THIS IS THE SADDEST DAY OF ALL MY CHECKERED CAREER.

DON'T THROW IN THE SPONGE, MY FRIEND! SOMETHING MAY TURN UP.



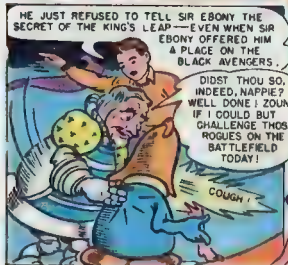
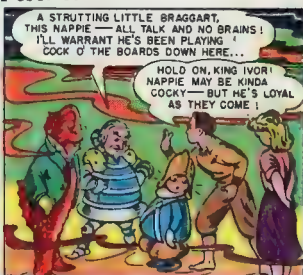
WHY, IT'S THE TADPOLES! BILLY! ISABEL! AHOO, THERE!

HI, RED LANTERN!

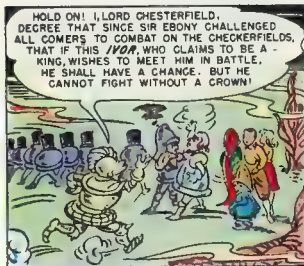
ODS' IVORIES! CAN I BELIEVE MY EYES...? YON PAWN—METHINKS HE LOOKS STRANGELY FAMILIAR!



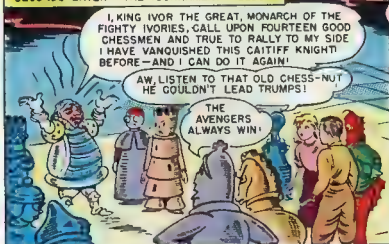
LAND OF THE LOST COMICS



LAND OF THE LOST COMICS



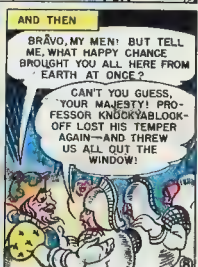
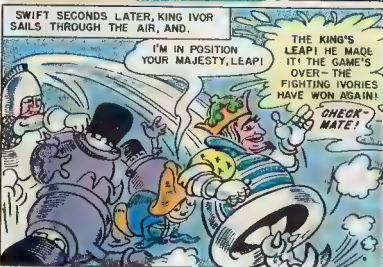
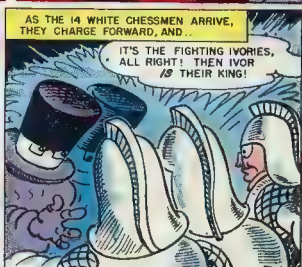
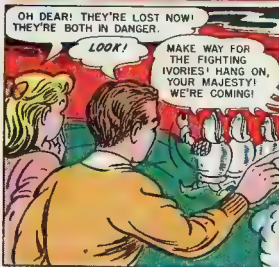
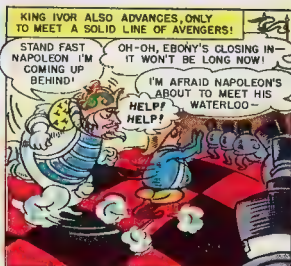
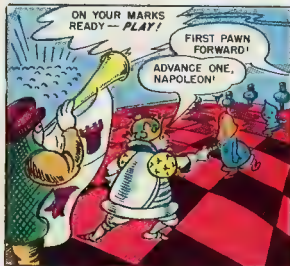
SECONDS LATER—THE TOURNAMENT FIELDS!



HASTILY KING **IVOR** DONS HIS NEW CROWN, AND PREPARES TO DO BATTLE.



LAND OF THE LOST COMICS



THE STRANGE STUART CASE!

SYNOPSIS: Pete Morton, ace reporter for the Central City Gazette, is assigned to interview Mary Stuart, whose life has been threatened several times by an unknown assailant. First, a bullet was fired through the window of her automobile, and then, while Pete is interviewing the actress, her pet bird eats a cracker intended for her . . . and dies instantly!

Pete searches the apartment, and discovers that Mary Stuart's maid has been murdered. Whereupon the reporter makes another startling discovery . . . Lester Craig, the fiance of Mary Stuart's bitterest rival, Brenda Moore, was obviously in the apartment earlier in the day! Pete wonders out loud whether Mr. Craig might not have attempted to murder Mary Stuart!

"WHY THAT'S PURE BUNK!" said Mary Stuart, with a gleam in her eyes. "Lester Craig had nothing to do with it at all! He just happened to stop by for a few minutes. And he didn't go near the kitchen! Besides, why would he try to murder me?"

"You know why he might," Pete said. "He'd like nothing better than to have you out of the way at Sensation Studios, so that his girl friend Brenda Moore could be the leading light there once again! You pushed her out of a prize contract at Sensation. I'm quite sure that you haven't been forgiven!"

Pete leaned back in his chair, and through half-closed eyes he watched the expression on the beautiful face in front of him. If she could only act one-half as well as she looks, he thought to himself, lustfully.

"There must be a fine pot of cash in that contract you and Brenda Moore are fighting over," Pete continued, "and Lester Craig would probably get a nice grip on a tidy portion of it when he marries Brenda Moore."

"But they **COULDN'T** get married!" the actress said, her voice rising with emotion. "There's a clause in each Sensation Studio contract forbidding it!"

Pete blinked his eyes. This information was entirely new to him. It seemed to change the whole situation.

Suddenly, Mary Stuart's face was drained of all color, and her eyes seemed sunken. She hadn't intended to say what she did . . . she talked too much for her own good. Why was she trying to protect Lester Craig, the fiance

of her most hated rival? It didn't seem to make sense.

PETE PUT ON his hat and left the apartment. In front of the building was Mary Stuart's cream-colored convertible. And leaning against it was Tony Merrin, the handsome blond cameraman who was in love with Mary Stuart. He wasn't drunk at the moment, which was a trifle unusual. Why was he snooping around Mary Stuart's car, Pete asked himself?

He moved closer, but Merrin hadn't noticed him, for he was digging in the upholstery of Mary Stuart's roadster — where the bullet fired at her had landed several days ago!

There was a slight bulge in Merrin's coat pocket. Pete came up behind him quietly and quickly drew a gun from the pocket!

"Step back!" Pete shouted. "I'll handle this little investigation!"

Merrin frowned, but did as he was told. Pete probed into the upholstery and came up with the slug after a few seconds. He placed both the gun and the slug in his pocket.

"Who in the world are you?" asked Merrin. "And what do you want?"

"I'm a reporter," Pete said with a smile, "with the Central City Gazette. And I have a gun, remember? So you were looking for a slug in Mary Stuart's car . . . could it be that you were afraid the police would find it matched your gun? That's a strange way for a man to get a girl to marry him! Why'd you do it, Merrin?"

"I didn't!" Merrin said. "You won't believe this — but here goes anyway: My gun disappeared last week, probably while I was drunk. And then, after the attempt on Mary Stuart's life, it miraculously reappeared again! It looked as if someone was trying to frame me . . . so I decided to get the slug back and spoil their game! But you caught me — let's get it over with. I suppose the Police will be anxious to see me."

"I don't think that they're going to swallow that story," said Pete. "I'm going to turn this gun and slug over to the Police and I think you'd better have another story ready for them. You can take a powder now . . . I've got things to do!"

And Merrin needed no urging. He was gone in a moment. Pete stood there thoughtfully. Merrin was supposed to be an excellent photographer, but he was drunk so often that jobs were becoming hard for him to get. He and Mary Stuart had met on the set of her first picture and Merrin had fallen in love with her instantly. He had proposed to her a dozen times since then, and her answer was always NO.

Merrin's story that his gun had been stolen would hold little weight with a jury, Pete thought. What was a guy like Merrin doing with a gun, anyway?

A FEW MINUTES LATER, Pete stood at the desk of the Waldorf Hotel, and asked for Lester Craig. The clerk was very polite. He said that Mr. Craig was not in to reporters.

Pete leaned across the desk, and said in a very confidential tone:

"Just tell him that I have a message from Miss Mary Stuart."

The clerk blinked. "You may go up right away!" he said, after calling Craig on the house telephone.

Pete raced up the steps, ignoring the slow-moving elevator. That little tale about a message from Mary Stuart had certainly worked, Pete thought, with a big grin on his face.

When the door to the apartment opened Pete found himself facing an extremely handsome man. This guy is good-looking and knows it, Pete reflected, as Craig regarded the reporter with his cool, steel-grey eyes. Pete put his hand into his pocket and drew out something wrapped in a handkerchief.

"This yours?" he asked, uncovering a cigarette case with the initials LC engraved on the side.

"W-why, yes," the handsome actor gulped, reaching out for it. "I'll give you a reward for—"

"Tak, tak!" chided Pete, slipping the case back into his pocket. "This is evidence, Mr. Craig! Evidence that may send you to the electric chair" — Pete's voice was steely-hard now — "for the murder of Mary Stuart's maid!"

Craig gulped and turned white as a sheet of blank paper.

"Y-you're c-crazy—" he stammered.

"I can prove that you were in Miss Stuart's apartment this afternoon," Pete said. "The doorman and the elevator operator will both testify that you were."

Craig began to shake like a leaf.

"You tried to get Mary Stuart out of the way," Pete continued, "so that your girl friend, Brenda Moore, could get that Sensation Studios contract!"

Craig wet his lips. "That's a lie!" he said. "Why should I try to kill Mary Stuart? She's my wife!"

Pete whistled in surprise. "I should have known something was up between you two... the way she jumped to your defense!"

"You'll never live to tell about it!" a harsh feminine voice said. Pete whirled and found himself facing an ugly blue-steel .38, held by Mary Stuart. She'd been waiting in the next room, and must have come in a few moments after Pete arrived.

"It all begins to make sense," said Pete, lifting his hands above his head. "According to your contract with Sensation Studios you're not supposed to marry. But you and Lester Craig married secretly. And his romance with Brenda Moore was nothing but a publicity stunt. Your maid found out about your marriage and was blackmailing you. And then you got tired paying and decided to kill her!"

"You were clever," Pete continued staring into Mary Stuart's eyes. You almost succeeded in making it look like an attempt on your life! You stole Merrin's gun and fired into your own car — then reported to the Police that someone had tried to kill you! You returned Merrin's gun, planning to frame him. Then you poisoned that pet bird of yours while I was speaking to you, making it look as if another attempt had been made on your life! Your maid was murdered before I got to your apartment — and it was made to look incidental to the killer's real motive — your murder!"

"Is that all you have to say?" rasped Mary Stuart. The gun was steady in her hand.

"No," said Pete, grinning, "but *this* is! Come on in, boys!"

Mary Stuart and Lester Craig turned pale as the door crashed in behind them. Mary Stuart dropped the gun to the floor as she and her handsome husband raised their hands to the ceiling.

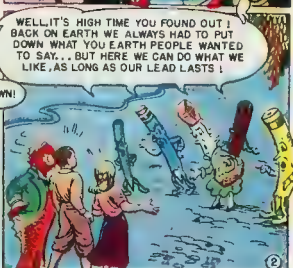
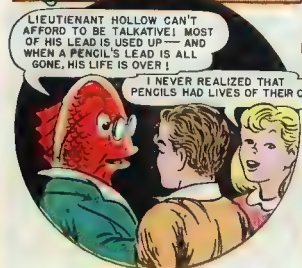
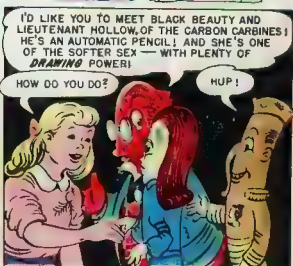
"I just stopped by and gave these boys an invitation to come up to your apartment," Pete explained, as the Policemen handcuffed the actors and shoved them out through the door. "I hope you don't mind!"

THE END

Land of the Lost



LAND OF THE LOST COMICS



LAND OF THE LOST COMICS

WE MAY BE LEAD, BUT WE'RE
LIGHT AS A FEATHER-O
WHEN WE PENCILS DANCE!
TAP, TAP-A-TAP, KEEPING TIME
ALL TOGETHER-O
CURTSEY AND ADVANCE!



SEE WHAT FIGURES WE ARE TRACING
WATCH THOSE BOLD ERASERS RACING
SWING YOUR PARTNER LEFT, AND WRITE
YOUR NAME---AND BOW!



AREN'T THEY CUTE?
...OH, LOOK AT THE
FAT LITTLE YELLOW
PENCIL RUN!



I GOTTA SEE
THE RULER
RIGHT AWAY!
I-I THINK I'VE
GOT A CLUE TO
THE MURDERS!

MURDERS? FAN
MY FINS, WHAT
ARE YOU TALK-
ING ABOUT?



HAVEN'T
YOU HEARD?
IN THE PAST FEW
DAYS, ELEVEN OF
OUR LONGEST AND
STRONGEST CITIZENS
HAVE HAD THEIR LIFE-
LEAD EXTRACTED BY
SOME MYSTERIOUS
CRIMINAL!

WE FOUND THEIR CORPSES
TOSSED INTO WASTE BASKET
GULLY--- NOTHING BUT
(GULP) DEADWOOD!

GREAT ATLANTIC
AND PACIFIC! THIS
IS SHOCKING!



THAT'S WHY I GOTTA GET
TO THE RULER IN A HURRY!

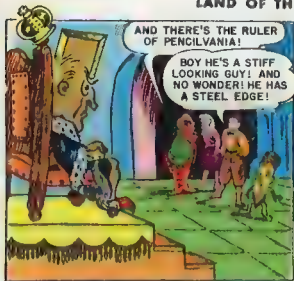
QUITE RIGHT, STUBBY!
WE'LL GO WITH YOU!
THESE CRIMES SHOULD
HAVE BEEN REPORTED
TO KING FIND-ALL
LONG AGO!



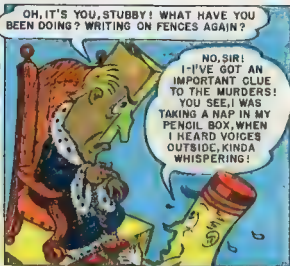
THERE'S THE RULER'S CASTLE!
THOSE CRAYONS STANDING AT THE
ENTRANCE ARE HIS **COLOR-GUARD!**



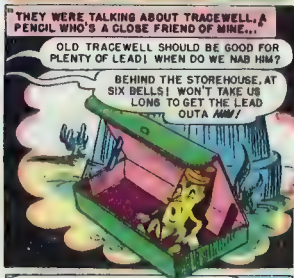
LAND OF THE LOST COMICS



BOY HE'S A STIFF LOOKING GUY! AND NO WONDER! HE HAS A STEEL EDGE!



NO, SIR! I-I'VE GOT AN IMPORTANT CLUE TO THE MURDERS! YOU SEE, I WAS TAKING A NAP IN MY PENCIL BOX, WHEN I HEARD VOICES OUTSIDE, KINDA WHISPERING!



OLD TRACEWELL SHOULD BE GOOD FOR PLENTY OF LEAD! WHEN DO WE NAB HIM?

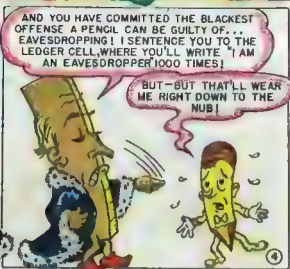
BEHIND THE STOREHOUSE, AT SIX BELLS! WON'T TAKE US LONG TO GET THE LEAD OUTA HIM!



I GOTTA WARN THE RULER! HE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO!

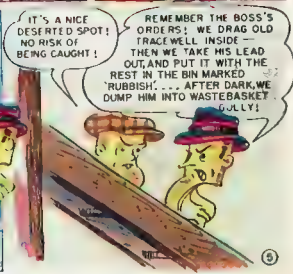
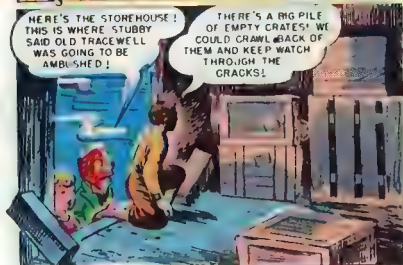


YOU NINCOMPONT! YOU CALL THAT A CLUE? MY OFFICE IS FOLLOWING UP A DOZEN BETTER CLUES! AS THE RULER HERE, I DON'T ALLOW ANY MARGIN FOR ERROR!

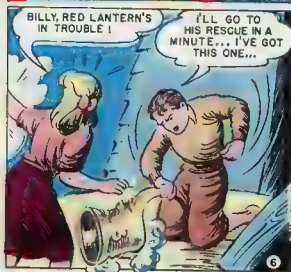
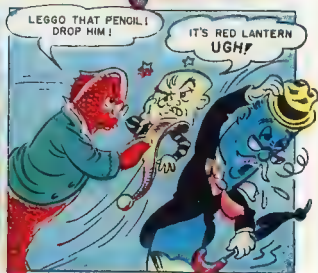
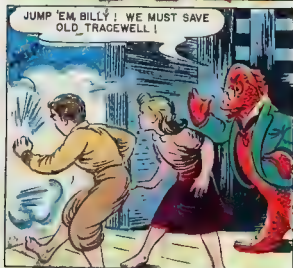


BUT-BUT THAT'LL WEAR ME RIGHT DOWN TO THE NUB!

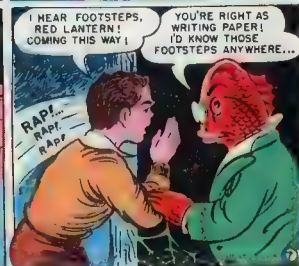
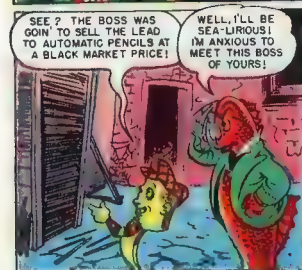
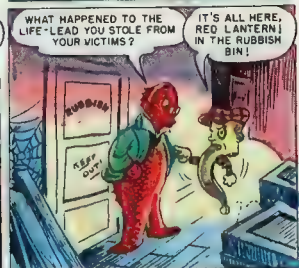
LAND OF THE LOST COMICS



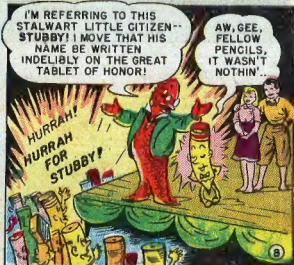
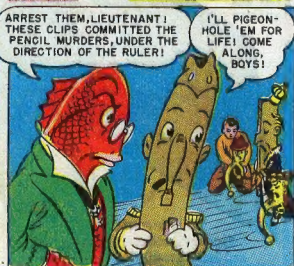
LAND OF THE LOST COMICS



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BOTH for

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NAME

STREET

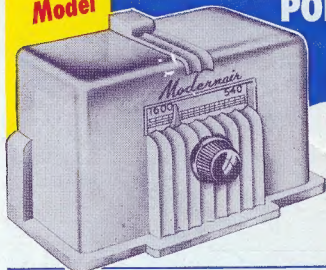
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\$6.95
Complete with
EARPHONE
and
HEADPIECE

**Included
AT NO
EXTRA COST**



1 1/2 VOLT "A" BATTERY
approximately 24 hours of playing life
22 1/2 VOLT "B" BATTERY
approximately 200 hours of playing life

**USE IT
ANYWHERE**



The Magic Of Radio In The Palm Of Your Hand!

Yes, it's here at last . . . Radio's mighty postwar midget! Look at its streamlined cabinet of lovely, lustrous plastic . . . so tiny you can hold it in the palm of your hand. Listen to its rich fidelity . . . so powerful you can tune in stations 100 miles away. Once you hear it play, you'll agree that the MODERNAIR RADIO at only \$6.95 is a postwar dream come true. Yes, unbelievable as it may sound, we will send your MODERNAIR RADIO complete with personal earphone, powerful receiving tube, and two batteries for only \$6.95. However, our present supply is limited and we can guarantee IMMEDIATE DELIVERY only if you ACT NOW!

CHECK THESE ULTRA-MODERN FEATURES:

- ★ Streamlined Ivory Plastic Cabinet.
- ★ Highly-Selective Tuning Dial.
- ★ Picks Up Stations Within 100 Mile Radius.
- ★ Off-and-On Switch With Silver-Plated Points.
- ★ Private Earphone Prevents Disturbing Others.
- ★ Powerful HI-MU 114 Pentode Receiving Tube.
- ★ Two Long-Life Midget Batteries.
- ★ Patented Compression-Type Condenser.

FACTORY GUARANTEED: Each radio is thoroughly checked and tested at the factory, and is fully guaranteed against defective workmanship and material.

SEND NO MONEY!

You Risk Nothing! Merely clip this ad and mail it today. Then pay postman only \$6.95 plus postage on delivery. Or if you prefer, send cash, and we'll pay postage. We guarantee perfect reception if used as directed. Order yours TODAY.



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